

SWANK

# SWANK

AUGUST 2008 #140

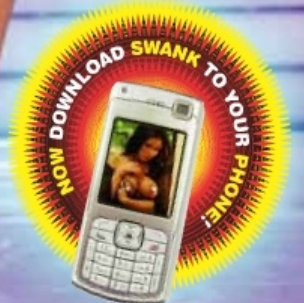
COVERGIRL TRACI  
EIGHTEEN  
& BEGGING  
FOR SEX!

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ASSHOLE!

RON  
JEREMY'S  
TIPS ON  
GETTING  
INTO  
THE  
XXX BIZ!



SOPHIE  
SHOWS  
OFF THE  
PINKEST  
PUSSY  
EVER!



XXX Video  
inside



# SWANK Talk

**A**nother month, another big load-dropping issue of SWANK! This may be our greatest issue yet 'cause in addition to all of the hottest cum worthy slits and tits we're showcasing, we've also got the best info on how much cash you can make for fucking gash in the porno biz! Hey, if there's anything almost as good as sex, it's money! Of course, the best thing ever is to get to paid to fuck, of which I am a master, but this time around, I'm showing you how it can be done! All this, plus my super hot co-pub answers your mail, all the tales of porno past in "Those Were The Lays" and, of course, pussy, pussy, pussy! *-Ron Jeremy & Mary Carey*



**SEX EDITOR: Mary Carey ★ PORN DIRECTOR: Ron Jeremy**

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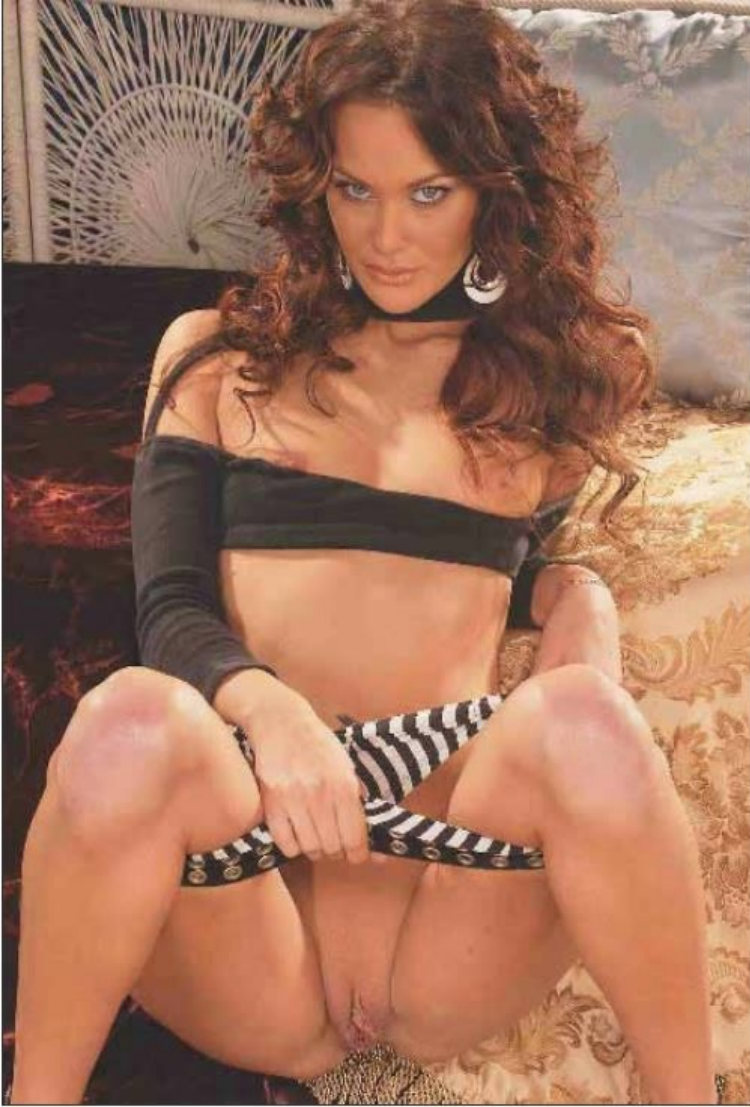
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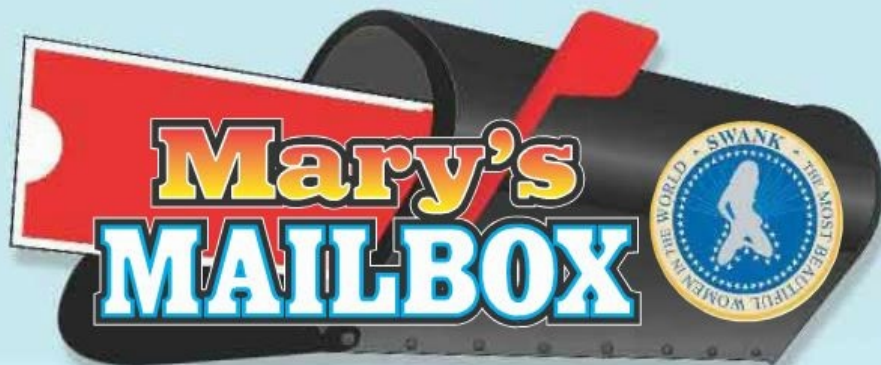
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Swank





Text by Mary Carey



**M**ary! Mary! Mary! That's me, me me! Heehee! Okay, I'm being silly again! Hiya! So what else is new! Anyways here we are again, me at the **SWANK** magazine keyboard, writing up another one of my famous intro's to this month's Mary's Mailbag! And don't you just love it? Of course! You know, everyone wants to write in and ask me something or other—for real! It makes me feel very important by-the-way, knowing how so many are counting on me to take their queries seriously! And I do! So this month, as every month, I have spent hours sifting through the thousands of cards, letters, emails and faxes I get at **SWANK**—okay, so a couple of my assistants do help me out!—to pick out the most fun and informative I can find. And it sure ain't easy! But here goes! Your best questions, and my best answers! Or at least some real good ones!

### Mary's Long Lust Sister?

Hello Mary, just had to write and go crazy over your April, 2008 edition of **SWANK**. All I can say is, fucking fantastic! Where do you get all these gorgeous girls to strip naked and shit every month? You must keep them under lock and key or something because I sure don't see this quality in another other porn mags! But what really floated my boat this time around was the lay-out of that hot blonde Kayden. Is it just me, or does this chick look just like you, Mary! A long-long little sister perhaps? Say it's so baby, two Carey girls? Can it be true?



Jack W.  
Carson City, NV



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**MARY:** Haha! Sorry, Jack, I wish it was, but, no, Kayden is not my sister, but we sure do look a like huh? Lots of people ask me about her, and all I can say is that I am glad she is not my sister, because now I can have sex with her! Heehee! Thanks for the kind words about the April issue, it was a hot one wasn't it! Ron Jeremy and I worked real hard on it, and it shows doesn't it. As for Kayden, we too are impressed by her looks—obviously so, if she looks like me!—so check out page 32 and take another good look at her!

### Loves Those Old Lays

Just wanted to write in and let you all know how much me and my friends all really get a kick out of your monthly "Those Were The Lays!" column written by William Margold about the old days of XXX. You know, I am in my late 50's and so are most of my friends—except my girlfriends of course! And I know that in this internet age so many porn fans are just interested in going online and seeing the latest sex stuff. But me and my friends, we lived through the era of the "Golden Age" of porn, and we just love reading about Margold's adventures back then, and especially those great black and white shots from that period. My guess is that a lot of your readers are in our same age bracket and feel the same way. So for what it's worth, I hope we see "Those Were The Lays" for many years to cum!

Walt T.  
Lincoln, NE

**MARY:** Bingo, Walt! Your words are exactly why we started up the "Those Were The Lays!" column in the first place—and we think all our readers, and especially our older ones, really appreciate it. I of course was not around like you were during that "Golden Age" of porno production, but I am fascinated by that time period—shooting on actual film, using fluffers, big feature film budgets, and the entire renegade feel of the whole adult film industry, running from the cops left and right! Sounds so exciting! And so different than today when XXX is legal and has saturated everyone and everywhere! Lucky for you, and **SWANK**, and me—William Margold has assured us that he has a bottomless treasure trove of stories and pix going back decades that should keep us all spellbound with future "Those Were The Lays!" columns for a long, long time!

### Is Francesca Really Cheyenne Silver?

Hot! That's the only way I can describe your layout of Francesca in the April 2008 issue. What a piece of ass! But you know what struck me most about her pix, she looks just like Cheyenne Silver, the ex-porn star. Whatever happened to her anyway, she was a real cutie!

Mark Z.  
Fort Worth, TX



**MARY:** Hey, what's up, another letter about **SWANK** models who look like other porn stars? Well, I have to agree with you, Mark, Francesca does look like Cheyenne. And just who is Cheyenne is the question asked by





## SEALED WITH A NASTY KISS!

everyone for the past 10 years. I agree, Cheyenne is/was/whatever one of the best-looking porn girls ever. She got her start in XXX stuff back in 1997 and in about a decade long carnal career starred in about 200 hardcore tapes, lots of them with very strong scenes with anal, facials, and the like. Cheyenne was with Vivid Video for a while but did a lot of fuck flicks for a lot of companies until she finally left the adult biz in like 2004. I don't know what she is up to now, but wish her the best. Check out some of her work for sure—right after you check out mine that is Mark!



### Porn Stars On The Whore-izon?

Mary, there are so many new porn girls showing up on the XXX scene left and right I can't keep track of them all. Me and my friends are online and at the local porn DVD store all the time and they are all over the place! Can you give us your personal pick of who is the next big porn star we should keep an eye out for? It's all so overwhelming!

**Phil S.**  
Chapel Hill, NC

**MARY:** Yes Phil, it certainly is a new porn business ballgame these days, as new barely-18 year old very pretty girls are getting into the X-biz everyday. Just as a measure of this influx of new hardcore talent is the number of Los Angeles-based porno-only talent agencies that have sprung up in the past few years. Back in the '90s there were about two. Now? About 72! No shit! That's how many girls are around and need professional representation to navigate the porn waters! Even Jim South who founded the original adult talent agency, World Modeling, has made a comeback, after retiring for a year! My one pick as a hot new porn starlet to keep an eye, and a cock on? Hmm, that's a toughie, but I will toss out the name of Summer Verona, a sexy Latina lass who I used in one of my pornos—in a scene to be released shortly!—and did a fantastic job. Summer splits her time now between making pornos in L.A., and fucking her fans up at the Moonlite Bunnyranch legal brothel in Carson City, Nevada. So in-other-words Phil, you don't have to take my word for it that Summer is hot, you can go check her out for yourself!



### Where's My Head?

What does a guy have to do to get a decent blowjob around here! The last 10 chicks who

have sucked my cock have done a horrible job! Do I have to become a porn stud to finally get some good head?

**Frank L.**  
Staten Island, NY

**MARY:** No, Frank, you definitely should not have to become a porn performer just to get some good oral sex—although that's one way to do it! You know, I feel your pain, Frank, I really do. While probably most girls in the non-porn world are willing to suck cock when it comes down it, a hell of a lot of them sure don't know what they are doing. It's not like getting fucked, where a girl can just basically spread her legs and let the guy to all the work. In snorking dork, the chick has to take charge and do what has to be done! And I have heard this a lot from guys all over the country, their wives, girlfriends and one-night stands don't suck dick very well! What to do? Seriously? You have to

hook up with babes who are literally willing to take lessons. And while in some US cities there are actual classes given in oral sex, it can be a lot easier than that. Have your girl watch porno tapes—alone, or with you, and watch how us XXX specialists do it. And let's face it, no one gives head better than girls like me and my porno industry co-stars—it's we do for a living, we better be good at it! There are a number of porn fuck flicks that advertise themselves as having the best blow-job scenes—with adult starlets who suck cock, lick balls, and take loads on their faces and down their throats. You watch some of these with your mate, give her some ideas, and then go to it, even while the DVD is still rolling! Practice makes perfect tell her! Go for it!



### Loved 'Celebrity Rehab'

Dearest Mary! I have to admit it, I have seen your super-hit cable TV Show on VH1 "Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew" and now I am an addict to—an addict to Mary Carey that is! I have to admit the show is quite an eye-opener, not just into the world and problems of personal alcohol and drug addictions, but to you and your co-stars, like Jeff Conaway from "Taxi" as "people"

rather than just celebs. I find the entire program very moving, and Mary, the scenes with you, and your mom, wow, like, it was certainly a tear-jerker. Congrats Mary, I used to just love you as a porn star—now I also love you as a person!

**Howard J.**  
Stanford, CA

**MARY:** Howard, now I am the one crying! Your letter is beautiful and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. And I have received thousands of similar letters from other **SWANKoids**, expressing the same kinds of things, about my "Celebrity Rehab" show. It was a very difficult decision deciding to do that program, and expose myself, my family and my life in that open and intimate way, and it's because of mail from guys like you Howard that makes me have no regrets, none at all. I love you Howard. □





# *Anna & Patrick*









































**I**t was late night — or perhaps just too late. Those who had somewhere to go and someone to go there with were long gone, their tables already bussed, with chairs stacked upside down on them. The cocktail waitresses had counted their fortunes and the barkeep had his jacket on. They all had anywhere else to be. Yet we were still honkin' heavy with a savage swing. It was righteous.

I probably would have wrapped it up sooner if it weren't for the red-hot redhead sitting ringside. She perched on the edge of her chair, legs crossed, back arched as to present the artillery. She was an ample sample of femininity to say the least. And whoever poured her into that green dress had obviously forgotten to say "when." Man, she looked righteous.

She had that come-hither sparkle in her eye. That look a musician lives for, gets hooked on and lost in long after life loses its luster. That look that promises thrills. That look that's so often followed by trouble, jealousy, and fists. But it appeared her date had gone a few extra rounds with Jim Beam. He was face down on the table, out cold, his hand still wrapped around Jim's last gasp.

She blew me a kiss. I caught it and reciprocated with a wink. She was ready to go and I needed a place to stay. I shot wink number two towards the drummer who wound us down to a finish. I wiped my horn and threw it in its case. I slipped on my jacket as I walked to her table.

"Ready to go?" I asked. No point in being coy; it was late. "What about him?" she said, looking at the pile slumped next to her.

"Throw him in a cab and meet me out front."

"A gentleman would offer to help a lady."

"A gentleman wouldn't try and make time with another guy's girlfriend."

"Wife," she said. "He's my husband."

I chuckled a little. "Whatever you say, toots. You oughta lose the zero and get with a hero."

Her face went cold. She pursed her lips. She slapped me hard. I slapped her right back.

Suddenly a million pretty little stars appeared everywhere accompanied the ringing of a loud bell. Hubby had rallied and pulled a Pearl Harbor on me with

# RIGHTEOUS

a chair. Apparently Jim Beam hadn't been as thorough as I thought. The stars faded to black... lights out.

The pounding in my head woke me up on the sidewalk. There was blood in my hair and things were a little blurry. My drummer was pacing back and forth in front of me, taking quick angry drags off his cigarette. He looked steamed.

"I quit," he said.

"What the hell for?" I tried to sit up.

"The numbers don't add up."

My head was really beginning to pound. "Whaddaya talking about?" I said.

"I had to settle up while you took your nap here on the sidewalk and he paid me the 100 bucks a man he says he's been paying us for the last year and a half. You've been paying us 60. He flicked his cigarette at me and spit on the sidewalk.

"You're a scumbag," he said and walked off.

"Yeah, well, try and find another cat who plays like me," I shouted as I struggled to my feet. "I play it righteous." The words echoed in my head as if it were a cavern; righteous... righteous...

3 a.m.

Nowhere to go.

No one to go there with.

I needed a drink.

I headed toward the Emanon, a dive that made most dives look like the



Waldorf. It was situated beneath the bridge where the train galloped on its brief sojourns above ground before snaking back to the bowels of the city. I'd spent a week there one night years ago and hadn't been back since.

If I was lucky it would still be open.

If I was lucky I could still get a drink.

If I was lucky, maybe I'd get lucky.

"Righteous... righteous" was getting louder and was now echoing down the street, no longer confined to my skull.

The eyes of the lord are on the righteous and his ears are attentive to their cry...

The preacher stood atop his suitcase outside the Emanon bellowing, waving his bible over his head and pointing at all the sinners that weren't there. He wore a black suit that looked slept in. His hair was slicked back save for a stray lock across his damp forehead. His eyes burned dark and intense. When his fingers weren't accusing, they snapped in sort of a sweet Beat kinda way; catechism with a cadence. I had heard these bible-beaters before, but this was kinda swingin'. I stopped to listen.

...The Lord's curse is on the house of the wicked, but he blesses the home of the righteous...

He singled me out. It wasn't hard; I was the only one there.

"Art thou wicked or art thou righteous?" he asked me

"I art righteous, man," I replied. "You oughta hear me play sometime."

...The righteous man leads a blameless life, blessed are his children after him...

"Well, I ain't blameless, that's for sure," I said.

The preacher dialed down the volume and looked sadly at me. His fire and anger melted into disappointment.

"Then you are not righteous, son," he said.

I suppose there ain't a whole helluva lot of his type of righteousness walking the streets this late at night, but what did he know of my righteousness, this man of God?

He started back in, riffin' and rollin' on his whole righteous bit as I headed for my own righteous oblivion.

The neon sign in the Emanon's window flickered "Ope." I walked inside.

The place was crowded and smoky. It reeked sweaty and stale. The din of endless hustles, delirious diatribes, junky tantrums, sub rosa one-on-ones, and incoherent rants assailed my ears. This was where the bad times rolled.

The jukebox on the far wall tried its best to be heard above it all but was doing a better job holding up the hooker jamming quarters into it as she shouted obscenities at the floor.

Booths along the wall were filled with those employed by the various industries that open their doors after midnight; shifty, shady, shameless characters. A pimp speaking in a loud whisper as the girl he was with tried to twist her arm free, a he/she pretending to check his/her lipstick as he/she spied on the room in a broken compact mirror, and three greasy degenerates making plans. It was clear none of them trusted one another enough to pull off whatever caper they had in mind. They'd all be in jail or dead by the end of the week, the lot of 'em.

You don't look anybody in the eye here. I made my way across the sticky floor toward the bar and collided head on with five feet of too much makeup and not enough dress. The dress and its contents said woman, but the cigarette, the heels, the spatula'd makeup all said too young and trying too hard.

"Looking for company?" she slurred.

"Isn't this a school night?" I asked. "How old are you?"

"18," she shot back as if that's what she thought I wanted to hear.

"Really? 18-year-olds who can do what a guy like me wants the way I want it done without catching a one-way ticket to jail and/or the clinic."

She didn't give up that easy.

"I can do things to you that you've only read about," she said.

"I don't read. Scram."

I copped a squat at the bar.

This is where you roosted if you flew solo. Inevitably some gal would try to make friends or some hustler had something to sell, but for the most part you could sit there and vanish.

I ordered a scotch with a beer chaser. I gunned them both and snapped my fingers for the bartender.

"Encore," I said.



**'A Pimp  
Spoke In  
A Loud  
Whisper  
As The Girl  
He Was  
With Tried  
To Twist  
Her Arm  
Free!'**

(continued on page 152)









Kayden























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THOSE  
WERE  
THE

LAYS

By William  
Margold

# A Helluva Way To Get To Heaven

**T**he night hangs over the airfield like ghostly velvet, coating the solitary plane that rests on the landing strip in an eerie haze. As the camera sensuously massages the plane's exterior, we can hear the muffled sounds of passionate physical interaction coming from within. The camera continues its incessant journey, as if it is a tongue moving down the undulating stomach of a lover. It is apparent that the camera is determined to continue its journey until it reaches the area of total arousal.

Hopefully by now I've got your interest (etc.) up, because you are about to join me, and my fellow passengers on the maiden voyage of Tranquil Airways' Albatross, the most important character in an X-rated film that I created, co-directed, and performed in, in early April 1978 called "Lust Flight 2000".

Contacted on a Friday afternoon in mid-March 1978 by a father and son team calling themselves Backstreet Productions, who told me that they had somehow had managed to get access to "A big airplane on a

remote portion of the Burbank Airport from 6 p.m. Friday evening until 6 p.m. Saturday afternoon," I listened to them

explain that this was their first venture into X, and that they wanted to make something different.

Impressed by my adult industry track record up that point including, of course, my position as manager of "Reb" Sunset International, a nude theatrical talent agency in Hollywood, and my rumored ability to put together a shooting crew, I was given the challenge of writing a script over the next weekend that could be shot quickly—next to and within the confines of the airplane—over a period of less than 24 hours.

Combining my affection for the altitude angst and diverse personalities in peril of 1953's "The High and the Mighty" with my cryptic imagination of



the time it takes between the moment of death and the instant of rebirth, I quickly sketched out a list of intriguing characters—all of whom were about to take the trip of their lives. I also set helping to cast the project as well.

Included in the group were Mr. Grace (Ric Lutze), Tranquil Airways' always obliging, constantly charming, extremely appealing Host, the perpetually pleasant Captain Wayne (Jerry Patterson), the ever-willing to please Stewardess Jacqueline (Angel Dust), and her equally agreeable co-worker, Stewardess Cindy (April Haze), Dallas (Mike Ranger) a rock star famous for one night stands, Julie Jones (Stephonie Savage), Dallas' terminally faithful groupie, Candy Kaneko (Joy Nakamura) a gem

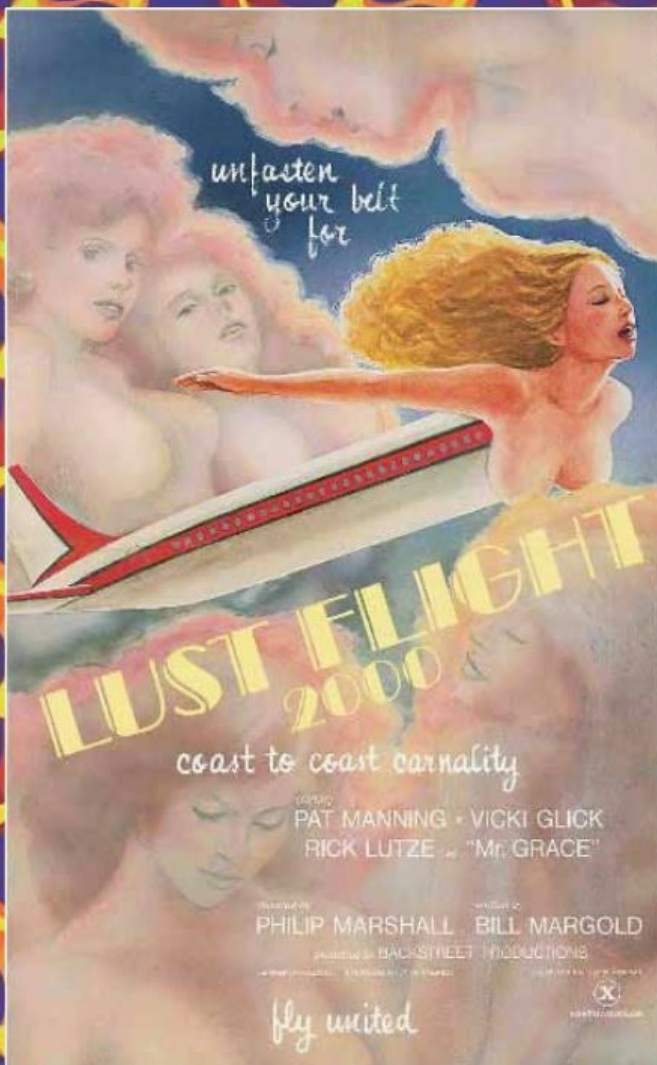
smuggler famous for hiding jewels in very tight places, Turk (Bob Mickleleta) Candy's thuggish bodyguard, Mrs. Elizabeth Robinette (Pat Manning) a very high class and supremely ruthless business person seeking thrills, Hope Rising (Vanessa Long) a struggling actress, willing to do anything in order to get the part, Penelope Lyons-Champion (Vicki Glick) Robinette's shy nurse, and Sheldon (yours truly) as an embezzler of well over two million dollars, who hangs onto his leather briefcase for dear life.

(It is amusing to note that while I am writing this installment of "Those Were The Lays" and am presenting erotic events that occurred 30 years ago, I am caught up in the fourth season of one of my all-time favorite TV shows—"Lost"—which deals with the mesmerizing fate[s] of the survivors from Oceanic Air's flight 815).

The fellows (the father was named Philip, and he would be given director's credit, and the son was named Daryl, and he would be listed as the producer) at Backstreet were delighted. I









explained to them that, after the characters were introduced and welcomed aboard by Mr. Grace, and then were wished the best as they disembarked (complete with earned adornments that must be seen to be believed) from the plane at trip's end—what I envisioned for the middle part of the film was non-stop sexual action with my talented friend and trusted cinematographer, Titus Moody (with whom I had worked on 1975's "Hi School Honies") simply traveling through the airplane finding bodies in various states of aroused entanglement.

What scripted lines I did prepare were only going to be used as a skeletal guideline for the considerable number of carnal interludes that I perceived taking place.

Of course, many of the aroused adventures would occur between the most unlikely of partners—as my first involvement at the hands of a now overly aggressive Penelope Lyons-Champion (Vicki Glick), an attractive blonde whom I had been nurturing into X for a couple of months—would graphically display. Stumbling into her area of the plane, with my precious leather case in tow, Penelope's shyness evaporated as she took on the persona of a dominatrix, and I was subjected to much more masturbatory mauling than I expected, even though I had written the role for me to be appropriately brutalized. And while her work with a sweat and saliva lubricated dildo was thankfully less intrusive than met the camera's eye, her velvet glove woman-handling of me (I landed awkwardly on the dining table and the seat handles more often than not) left a number of welts on my ribcage that lasted long after the shoot was over. For some reason, Titus seemed to find a series of excuses to make the scene last longer than I had intended it to. But finally, after exacting a considerable amount pent-up revenge on me, and quite a number of my moans and groans had been muffled deep within her smothering vagina, Penelope savagely jacked me off, and then dispatched me to another part of the plane.

Which eventually, after a number of other sex scenes were shot featuring various other performers during which time I could essentially reload, led me to my next sexual confrontation with Hope Rising, whom I had noticed had been peeping in on what Penelope had been doing to me. In fact, as I had scripted it, I found the sultry Hope still in the position of still peeping, with her dress askew and masturbating as well. I quickly brought out my dick, brushed her hand away and entered her, declaring brazenly, "This is what happens to peepers who get caught." Miss Rising accepted the punitive penetration with limited reluctance. Thankfully, this sexual experience was much more enjoyable than the one that I had endured with Penelope. When Titus assured me that he had enough "screwing stuff" (considering there were only so many angles we could get in such cramped confines), and was tired of "Seeing your dangling balls getting in the way of the action," I figured that Hope's gorgeous face would be the best place to empty my load. Interested in making as much of this moment as I could, I instructed Miss Rising to plead a case for my not shooting off on her face, but rather to encourage me to splatter her ass with my orgasm. Amusingly Vanessa Long (the actress portraying Hope Rising) tried to avoid the facial inunda-

tion, as she began to fondle my very heavy dangling balls with her left hand in an attempt to bring me off on the splayed area between her thighs before I could position myself for the facial. And I must admit that for a few moments, I enjoyed her manual manipulations way too much for my own, and the scene's, good—particularly when she somehow managed to extract most of my rigid cock from her pulsating sexual center and began to devilishly trace the tapered middle fingernail of her right hand along the swollen tube that extended from my rapidly tightening sack to the bloated head of my meat. But I shut down my desire to explode at that point just long enough to pull away from her teasing techniques and to copiously coat her face, making it resemble a freshly glazed donut in the process. And when she realized that she wasn't going to get her way, Vanessa rose to the molten moment with unflinching, eyes wide open, glee. Grinning at me after Titus pronounced, "Cut"—Vanessa, shook her grand mane of dark hair and purred, "Oh well, I tried."

And I quickly resumed my behind the scenes role as Titus' tour guide throughout the airplane in search of the next set of sexual souls in heat.

And so it went throughout the night, with my directing Titus from the cock-pit where Captain Wayne was never without at least one of his oversexed Stewardesses, to First Class where Elizabeth Robinette's was being subjected to Turk's lowlife desires, to the middle of the airplane to find Dallas doing double duty with Candy Kaneko and Hope Rising, to the tail section to discover Mr. Grace and Julie Jones entangled.

The shooting proceeded without too many glitches, until around the very first rays of a rather dismal looking dawn, when the space heaters shut down. I peeked outside and noticed that it was starting to rain. And then the generator snapped, crackled, and popped and the plane fell into complete darkness.

While the producers began to scurry about in panic, I decided to take a short walk in the pouring, and now freezing, rain, and within less than 100 yards from the airplane, I found an abandoned hanger. The place was filthy. The entire area smelled from the combined odors of old oil and rotting wood. The sound of the pelting rain on its metal roof was horrendous. There were heavy rusting strings of hideously rattling chains hanging from the ceiling. And old fuselages were littered around the floor like big discarded metal dunce caps. The wind howling through the place was ghoulish. Thankfully however, there was electricity. And there was also the most godforsaken looking bathroom I had ever seen, with lots of toilet stalls, and a gigantic round metal structure right in the middle of the floor that looked to me like a urinal. My mind ignited with the thought of having a couple balling their brains out in the damn thing as its water sprayed down up them. I rushed off to get Titus, and quickly brought him back to my discovery. I explained to him that this would be the flipside of the plane setting, and that once more I would be leading him through a series of carnal confrontations.

The producers of the project were already too far in long to pull out now, so they went along with my concept. And soon it was back to the bare balling business at hand





# FROM THE PAGES OF **SWANK**



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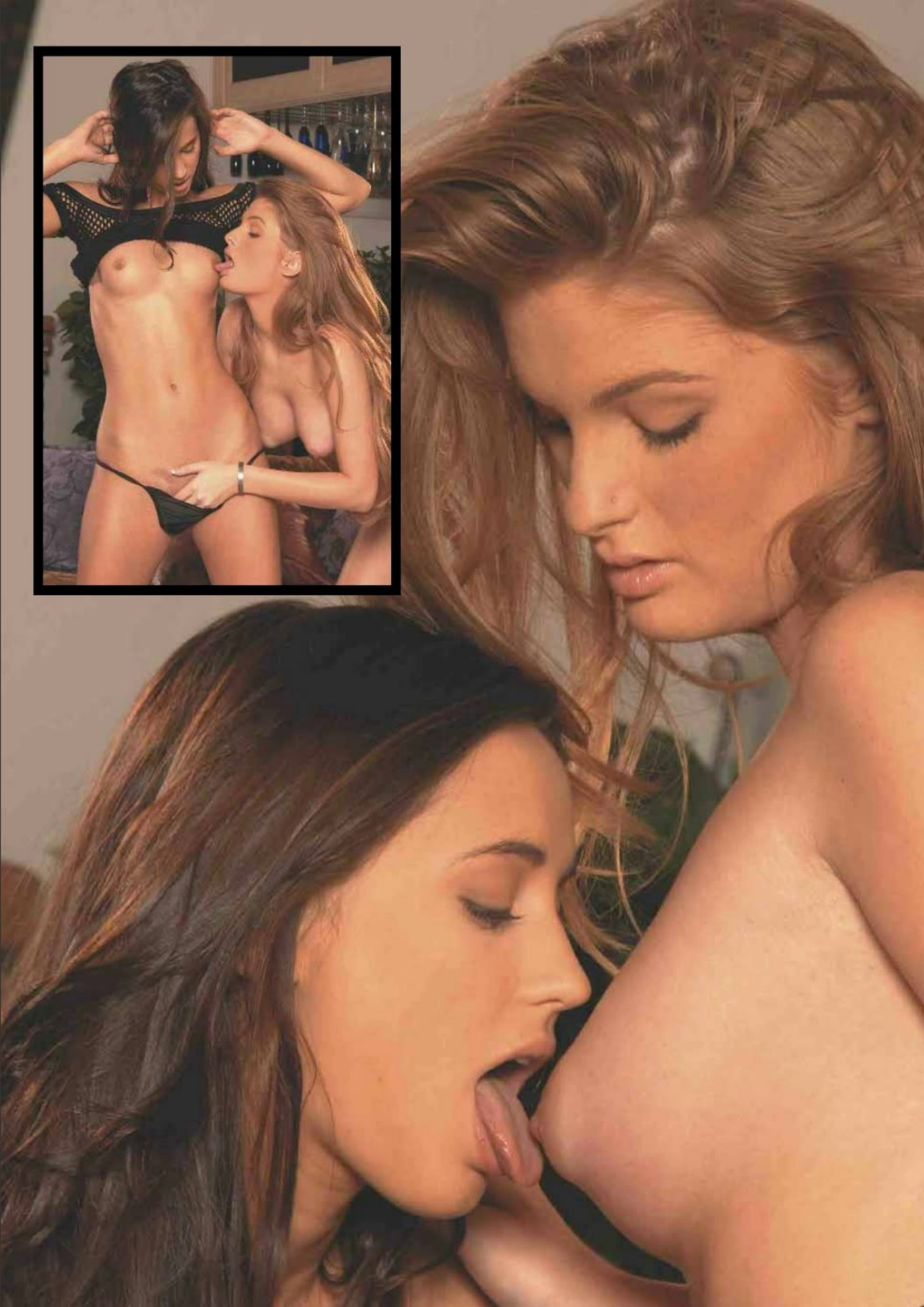
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Georgia & Fawcett

























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# XXX Reality

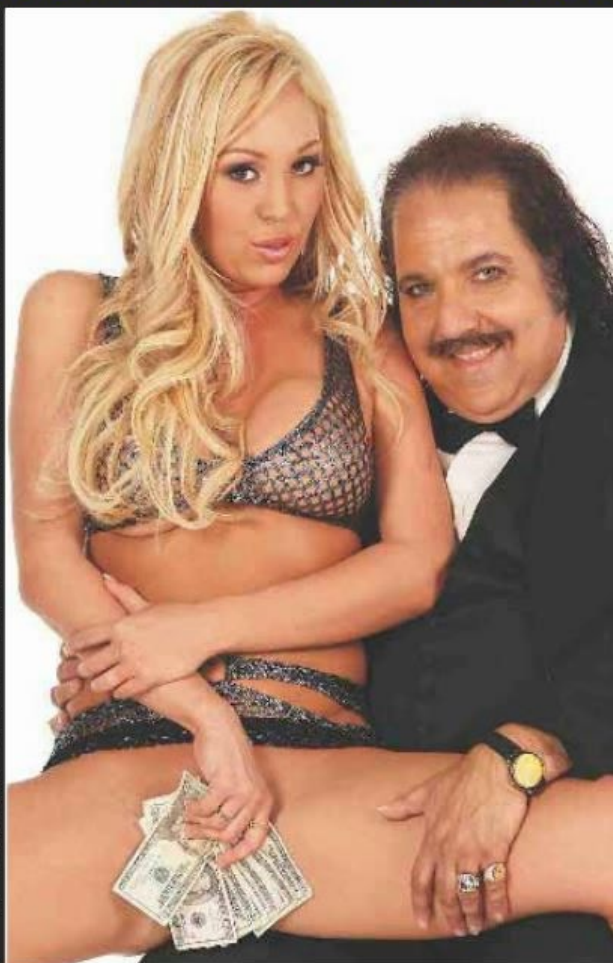


**W**elcome back! Because I'm back! Ronnie J. here for another month of SWANK rantings! And as you know, I just love to rant! Almost as much as I love to fuck—Almost, I said!

Let's not get crazy here shall we! Okay, how have you all been? Horny and getting laid I hope! I've been up to all my usual schtick—running around the country making speeches, doing debates, hosting parties and making appearance at strip clubs, and just doing my thing as a porno-style "celeb." Hey, by the way, if any of you want to take a look at my schedule, feel free! It's all listed at [www.myspace.com/ronjeremy](http://www.myspace.com/ronjeremy), see when I'm cumming to a town near you! Anyways, Mary and I have been hard at it—no, not that you perverts!—at working on each brand new issue of SWANK, that is! And I think the results are, well, pretty damn obvious! The girls are hot! The features are hotter! And Mary and I bring you the XXX world scoops you can't get anywhere else—anywhere! So fuck those other so-called porno mags, it's all right here baby, every month!

So what to yap about this time around? How about gash and cash—two way cool subjects huh? The fact is that is one of the most asked questions I get in the tons of mail you dudes and dudettes send me each month—and keep those cards and letters coming! How the hell else am I going to know what's up out there?—which is, about the amount of money one can make as a porn star or porn starlet. So, here goes.

A hell of a lot of money. Okay, that's it, see you next month! Just kidding! Hahaha! Okay, let's talk about it. And for real, this is a very serious subject. Why? For a few reasons. One, doing porn, especially for a good-looking chick, is an almost guaranteed way to become prac-



tically a millionaire by the time you are 25. No shit! And that's without going to college, or graduating high school, or taking a training course, or even doing much beyond getting on your knees and back and opening your mouth and legs! And for a male, while harder—no pun intended—to make it big in XXX-land, if a guy does make it, he can easily make a great living, \$100G's a year or more easy, and getting that pay to have sex with zillions of hot girls. So how does it work money-wise? Here goes. For the girls, basically, first you turn 18, the second you do, you go to Los Angeles, actually the San Fernando Valley suburbs of LA where all the porn producers are, and you start doing "scenes"—each time you have sex with someone on-camera, that's a "scene." And if you are a typically cute babe, you can average around \$1,000 a scene

(which takes usually just a few hours) and do 5-7 scenes a week if you want (sometimes two or even three a day!)—month after month after month. So do the math! That's right! The LA porn industry is full of zillions of girls who dropped out of high school, who one day are working at a fast food restaurant and living in their parent's basement, and the next day, are earning \$250k a year, and buying a big house near the beach! For real! It happens everyday! Of course you have to be fairly attractive, and of course the better-looking you are the more you will make, and the less hot you are the less you will make—and the more offbeat sex acts you do—anal, orgies, bisexual, bukkakes, etc.—the more you will pocket as well.

**Text by Ron Jeremy & Mary Carey ★ Photos by Marc Medoff/Adult Press**



# Ron Talks About **\$ucks & Bucks!**

**'Once You've Got The  
XXX Honey—What  
About The Money!'**



As for the guys, it's a bit different set-up. First of all it's not nearly as easy to get into XXX in the first place—best bet is to “enter” the X-industry on the arm of the above-mentioned hot chick, and that's your ticket. Once in, you have to be able to get it up and off on-cue. Not easy, but if you can get into the sex business, and can perform well, male performers can earn anywhere from \$200 to \$800 per scene, with \$500 being about the average. Most guys do one scene a day, but some can do two—thanks to the miracle of Viagra—and work almost everyday if they want to, almost indefinitely. So all in all, a typically good male stud in XXX can make about half what his female cunt-erpart can do, which ain't bad when you consider the obvious



fringe benefits involved—duh, you are getting paid to get laid! Most guys would pay the producers to let them fuck the likes of Jenna Jameson, Tera Patrick and all the others!

So, right off the bat, both girls and guys doing porn can make a lot of money (many of the jobs you are paid in full the same day, other you get paid in a week or two). But it can get even better. For the girls, once they start doing porn they can also work as a strip club feature dancer and make \$5k to \$10k a week, they can work as a legal hooker up in Nevada at a place like the Moonlite Bunnyranch and make tons more bucks fucking their fans, and then there's always lots of deals here and there for porn chicks







to make extra cash—not to mention what their websites can pull in monthly. Did I say \$250k a year? Handled right, that can easily go to \$500k if a girl is really dedicated. For the males there are also ways to make some extra cash, not as a hooker or nude dancer—unfortunately—but with their own websites and various endorsement and PR deals, that \$100k can go up somewhat. Just depends on how much hustle they have.

The big question is though, once the money is made—how many porn stars and starlets really save it, invest it, and do something smart with it? Unfortunately, I have to say, more porners blow their \$\$\$ than save it. Especially the young ones, who never had so much money in their lives before, and they just spend it all on stupid things like fancy cars and other shit they don't need. No question, most porners I know don't have big houses and lots of money in the bank and all kinds of investments. They make loads of moolah, but they spend it just as soon as they get it. But others, especially as they get older, get smarter, and start investing and saving, and for them, it's one hell of a life, I have to tell you!

Does it make sense financially to become a porn performer—male or female? Obviously yes, as almost immediately you have thousands of bucks in your pocket, and within weeks, tens of thousands of bucks. Your resume is your pussy or your cock, and there's no prior experience necessary. What you do later with your money is your business, and certainly people with more maturity are going to end up with more \$\$\$ than others. Typical porn girl story? I won't mention her name, but her story is pretty common. She came into

porn with no money about ten years ago, but she was hot. She was making close to \$8k a week every week, and it went on for a couple of years like that. But she had this loser moron "boyfriend," and with his "advice" they lived large, an expensive rented penthouse, an expensive rented car, buying first class airplane tickets, and lots and lot of partying. After two years all the money she made was blown—several hundred thousand—gone, kaput, she let the asshole boyfriend spend it all. They split up, she quit porn and went back to the some other state she came from just as broke as she was when she arrived in XXX, and got a job—in a shoe store.

Got it? The money in porn is wild, almost unreal, but it can go, as easily as it's earned. So it's something to think about, if you are thinking about taking a shot at being a porn performer, and think long and hard. "Long and hard!" Yup, one way or another, it always boils down to that doesn't it! But that's all the time we have for now, hope you found all this \$\$\$ info helpful, and if you do get into XXX just remember my commission is only 25% and... just kidding!

See ya later, suckers! □







# Sophia



22486



























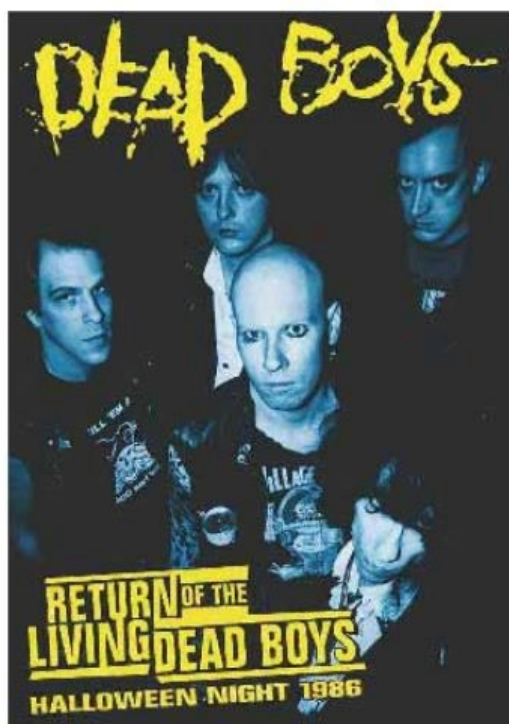
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# SWANK Stuff



## DEAD! BUT NOT BURIED!

**Dead Boys -  
Return Of  
The Living  
Dead Boys:  
Halloween  
Night 1986**

On Halloween (of course!) 1986 the gods of punk rock rose from the dead. The original members of the Dead Boys reformed for a short jaunt to pre-Disney NYC and leveled the audience of old heads, burnouts, prostitutes, junkies, geeks and freaks. This DVD is the document of that hallowed evening at the Ritz. Stiv Bators, Cheetah Chrome, Jimmy Zero, Jeff Magnum, and Johnny

Blitz got it together for one more show in their old stomping ground of New York City. Starting with an introduction from long time supporter Joey Ramone, to the power riff of the honest-to-god anthem "Sonic Reducer" (played twice!) to an unreal cover of the Stooges' "Search and Destroy," the Dead Boys put the boot to the notion that all reunions suck. Distributed Exclusively by MVD. List Price: \$14.95

**BITCH, GET ME  
MY COFFEE!**

## Pardon My French Post-its

Since the 1980s Post-it revolution, there's been no such thing as too many stickies. And now with this unique Stickies Set, you can get what you want and need from your staff and insult them at the same time! This indispensable commodity comes with wit and a desk-friendly tray for a true marriage of form and function. With six sticky pads of varying sizes, these sets will have you noting, tagging, and flagging in the big bossman style. For more info go to: [www.knockknock.biz](http://www.knockknock.biz)



## IS THIS CHEATING? **GolfLogix GPS-8**

GolfLogix GPS-8 which is powered by **Garmin**—the world leader in GPS—claims to be the easiest most user-friendly golf GPS device on the market. It provides fully automated distances to hazards, greens and key locations without hitting a button.

In addition, GolfLogix was the first system to be compatible with all computer operating systems including Mac and Windows. It's 100% waterproof (can be an asset if tossed into the lake when you bogey the 10th hole) and can hold up to 20 courses at one time which can be downloaded in about a minute and a half. I've seen this baby advertised anywhere from \$250 to \$350. Gotta shop around for the best price.

*Check 'Em Out!*

## THE BANGKOK FIVE WE LOVE WHAT KILLS US



Photo by Grendl Xavier

Somewhere along the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, one remaining emergency flasher blinks out from a run-down ex-LAX airport shuttle van. The shuttle, with its transmission frozen and only allowing the bus to move in reverse, leans on the uneven shoulder of a blind curve, 5,800 feet above sea level. Its inhabitants, The Bangkok Five, now months into a self-booked, semi-disastrous MySpace tour, sleep in makeshift beds that make Chino prison cots seem like the Four Seasons Hotel.

But that's rock-n-roll now isn't it, and these guys are living it with the release of their new album *We Love What Kills Us* on Long Live Crime Records (distributed by MRI/Red). For more info go to:

**[www.thebangkokfive.com](http://www.thebangkokfive.com)**



# BETTER THAN YOUTUBE?! [youstrip.com](http://youstrip.com)

In just a few months since the launch, YouStrip.com has inspired women from all over the world to release their inner showgirl, and enter their personalized striptease into the first global competition of its kind.

Here's the deal: chicks download one of the specially created music tracks — neutralizing any copyright issues — and then video their striptease which they upload. Akin to burlesque, it's all about having fun and being creative, while expressing energy, personality and vitality.

Then people from around the world get a chance to vote for their favorites, and each week the votes are tabulated to

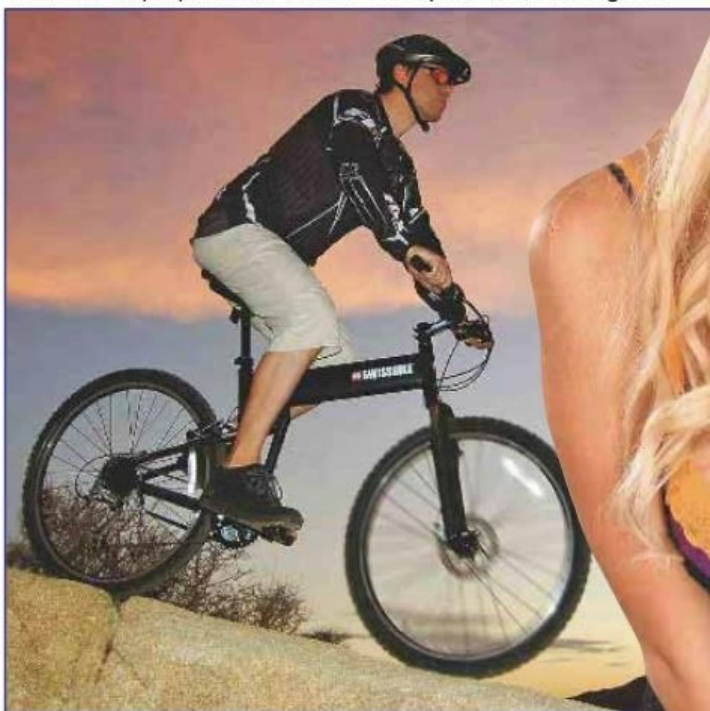


form the YouStrip.com charts. "The winners are normally those stripteases that are more creative and unusual, and demonstrate a freedom of spirit that is YouStrip.com."

Prizes are given for both uploading and voting, and monthly winners also get the chance of a modeling contract with one of the UK's top glamour agencies. So, get your gal to practice her bump 'n grind, then whip out the vid cam and enter her to win. Visit [www.youstrip.com](http://www.youstrip.com)

## SwissBike LX 24-Speed

The SwissBike LX Mountain Bike is tough, rugged, and ready for anything. Experienced riders will enjoy this mountain bike whether dealing with mountain terrain or city pot holes — this bike is prepared for action. The speed of unfolding this bike for riding will blow you away and there are no tools required to fold and stash away. The SwissBike LX comes equipped with front suspension, 24-speed EZ Fire Plus shifters, and a front disc brake to tackle the roughest terrain. A big plus with these bikes are they use all standard mountain bike wheels and components serviceable at any bike shop. Price: \$825.



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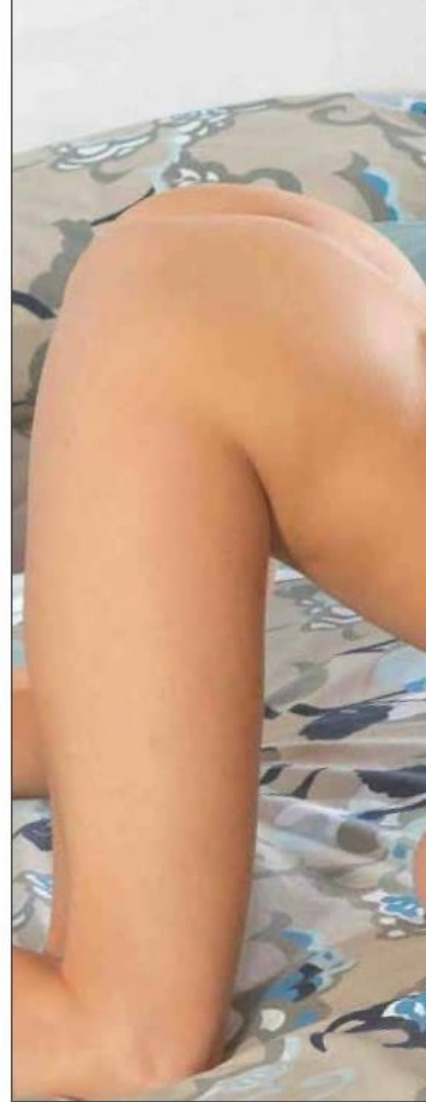
*Maria*



























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*Traci*











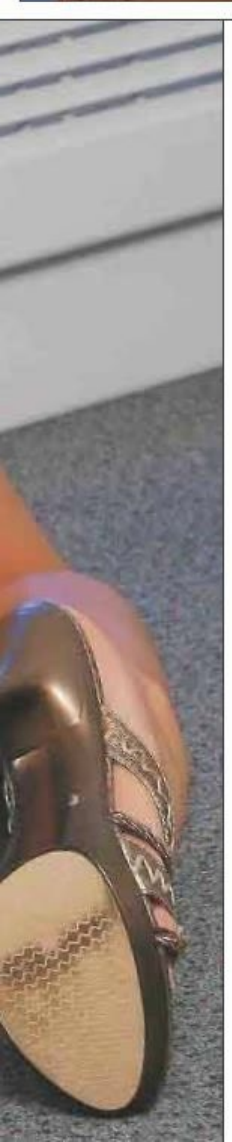




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# Traci

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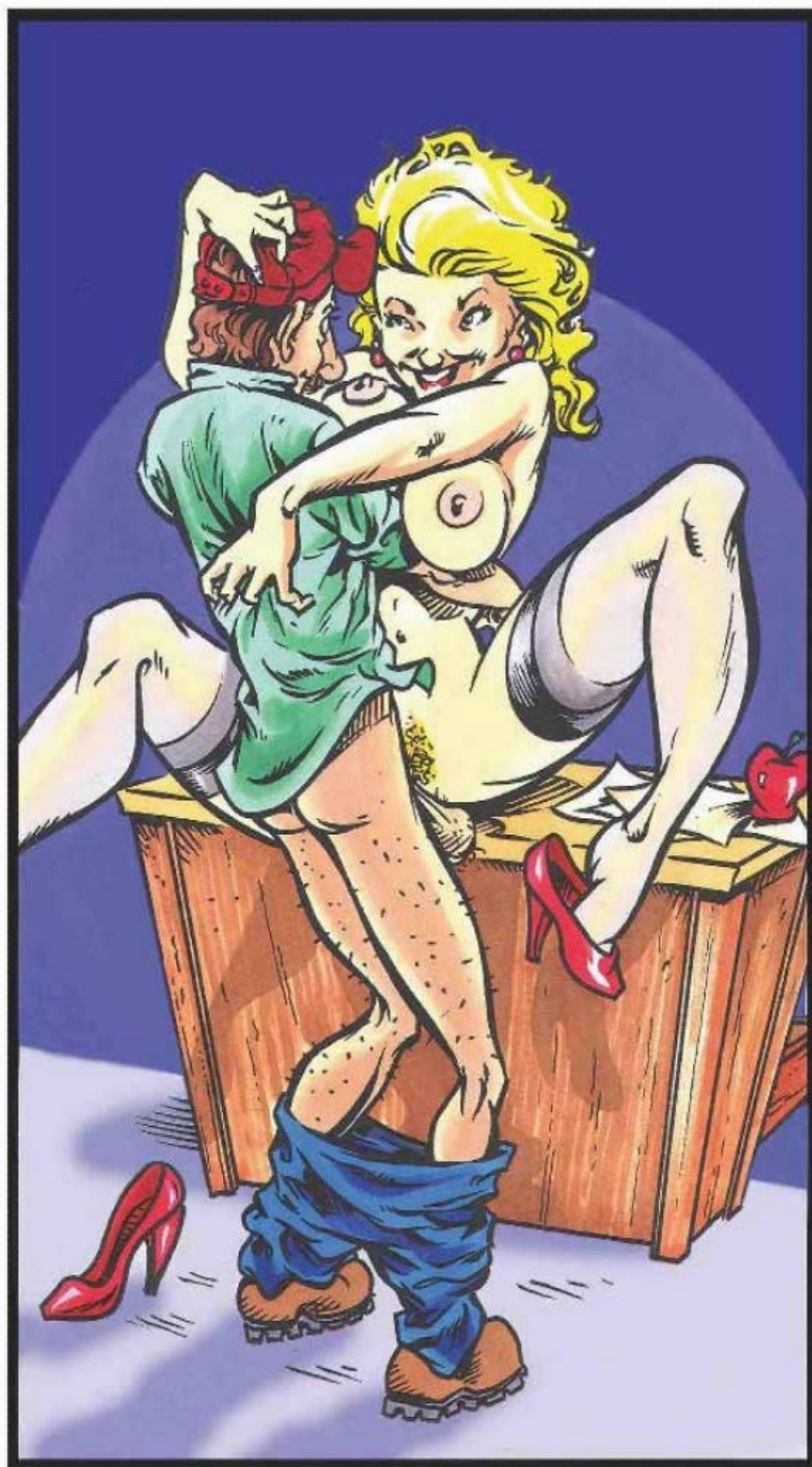


# SWANKtoons

From the horny bastards at [www.Shh3D.com](http://www.Shh3D.com)



CAN YOU BELIEVE I LOST MY VIRGINITY ON A ROLLER COASTER? I LOST MY SUNGLASSES, TOO, BUT I SEEN WHO GOT THOSE.



Dirk never anticipated cramming for a parent-teacher conference.

Three women were sitting at a bar having a few drinks. After a while the conversation started turning a little rude and crass.

Soon the women were getting louder and they were arguing about how wide their snatches were.

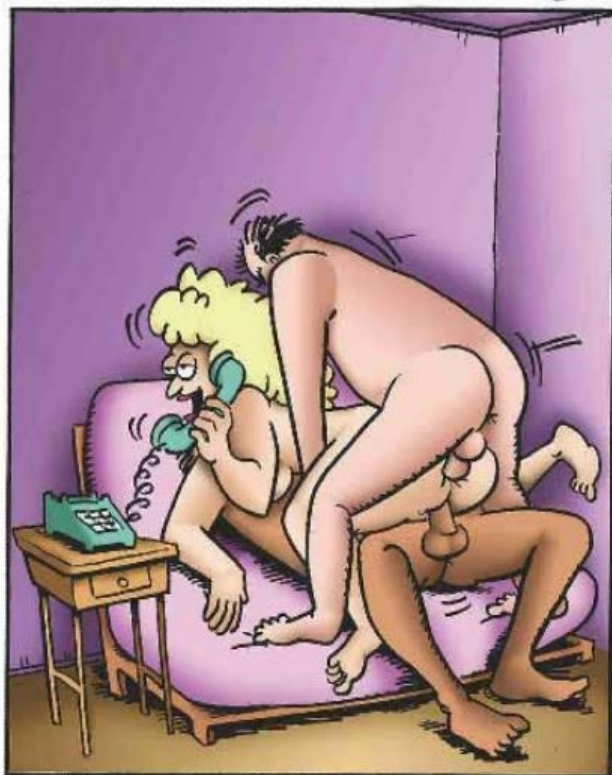
The first woman got up on the bar, lifted her leg, grabbed a baseball bat and slid it home.

All the people were watching, hooting and hollering, throwing money.

Five minutes later the second woman got up, lifted her leg, grabbed a bowling ball and slid it in.

People were going ballistic.

Finally the third woman very casually got up on the bar and asked for a quarter. She slid it in...and the jukebox starts playing.



"No, I'm not committed to anyone. I'm sort of between boyfriends right now."





































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# RON AND MARY'S X-RATED PORN THEATER



## JACK'S POV 8

**STARRING: HONEY DEJOUR, NATASHA NICE, JANA COVA, VERONIQUE VEGA, CARMEL MOORE**

**DIRECTED BY: ROBBY D.**

**AVAILABLE FROM: DIGITAL PLAYGROUND**

**RUNNING TIME: 117 MINUTES**

Braces!! Run!!... But with such a great rack, Jerry is willing to ignore them. Before long, she lets out them titties, takes off his pants and swallows his dick (watch the braces!!). After a quick throat massage, Honey finally gets out of her shorts and sits her furry snapper on Jerry's lap. Jerry goes

lazyman while Honey does the work. Her strong move is riding reverse cowgirl but Jerry just wants to hose down her giant tits, so he fucks her from the side of the bed and blows into her steel mouth. At least she swallowed.

Natasha is 18 with huge tits. No joke. Natasha gets finger-fucked and fed her own gash-juice from our fingers. Her oral skills send me for a batch of Kleenex! We titty-fuck her and then she saddles up cowgirl. Then she turns around to give a nice view of her tight mudwhistle while riding our pole. She works up a sweat getting herself off, then drops to her knees to get us off and swallow our children. Good girl. Now back to college with you, before mommy and daddy know you're gone.

Hot Brit Carmel Moore has big knockers and bigger oral skills. Her bald crotch makes for clean ramming by Jack. The real show is when Carmel goes reverse cowgirl. It looks like she's dancing on a pole and lap dancing at the same time, making me explode on my remote. This dirty bitch gets it doggy-style, then gets on her knees and jerks the jizz out onto her face and tits.

The contents of an incredible home video, as proven by masturbating Jana Cova: Heavy petting, tit-groping, fingering, nipple pulling, dildo sucking and fucking, a great body (doesn't hurt), doggy-style dildo fucking (underrated), dildo straddling, spraying (not in video, but a suggestion for future POV's) and a horny chick.

Veronique Vega doesn't waste time getting her mouth around Jack's johnson. This exotic looking slut gives an enthusiastic and beautiful blowjob. Best I've seen in some time, really. Finally naked, she sits on us facing away. She moves and fucks like a stripper, but has a pussy like a virgin... the best of both worlds. In doggy-style, we're treated with a queef when Jack enters, then we see her ass redden as he loves it. She took a hard pounding then he lays her on her back and lays the map of Hawaii on her belly. If you like thinking you're bagging a porn star, pick up a copy now! —H. Porter



## THE GREATEST SODOMANIA SCENES EVER 1

**STARRING: ALICIA RIO, BROOK ASHLEY, DANIELLE ROGERS, KAITLYN TIANA, KITTY YOUNG, MANDY BRIGHT, RACHEL TEEZ, REBECCA BARDOUX, RIO MARIAH, ROXANNE HALL, TIFFANY MYNX, VANDA, VANESSA KNIGHT**

**DIRECTED BY: VARIOUS**

**AVAILABLE FROM: ELEGANT ANGEL**

**RUNNING TIME: APPROX. 6 HOURS**

Now this is how you do a compilation movie! Watch the first disc alone and you get more than two hours of boner bending, mind blowing hardcore sport fucking! Count 'em three full discs featuring 14 classic scenes.

Appropriately enough the first scene of this compilation is the one scene that started it all. Tiffany Mynx, in a very early scene, gives great head after using her peds to toy with the guy's cock. Tiffany looks really hot, and really innocent and naive. What a difference a few years make, huh? This scene is the reason this series



took off, enjoy it you dirty perverts!

Latin sex goddess Alicia Rio is wearing a funky pair of specs, but that is all right. Her hotness shines through the dated peepers. Alicia fingers her big pussy and gives herself some digital anal action before going deep with a throat fucking. There is one good thing about her glasses. They provide a great target for the guy to blast after he's done doing her asshole.

The next two discs keep up the nostalgic walk down Sodomania lane. Of note on disc two are Tianna's scene and Tiffany Mynx's return. Disc three has one of my favorite Sodomania scenes: Rio Mariah and Mandy Bright in a fetish feature three-some that will make your toes curl.

Overall a nice journey through the 15 years of Sodomania, some scenes may look dated but that's to be expected. This is a great value for your dollar and a good look at this genre changing series.

—Mark Jinx





23270



## LATIN LOVERS 2

**STARRING:** SATIVA ROSE, EVA ANGELINA, LUSCIOUS LOPEZ, HAVANA GINGER, ALYSSA KNIGHT, CHEROKEE, SCOTT LYONS, ALEC KNIGHT, CHRIS MOUNTAIN, FRANCO DEL TORRO

**DIRECTED BY:** BRIDGETTE KERKOVE  
**AVAILABLE FROM:** ETHNICITY FILMS  
**RUNNING TIME:** 120 MINUTES

Does porn get any hotter than when it is done by filthy hot Latin chicks? Bridgette Kerkove, the legendary anal porn queen, gets behind the camera to capture some of the dirtiest screwing ever seen! The Latina cock queens put out so much energy your cock will stay hard for days after watching this flick. Now that's some high quality cooze.

Sativa Rose, who really should be recognized for the alpha whore she is, rocks the shit out of her two studs. The pint sized raven-haired fucker is one of my favorites and one viewing of her scene will make you a fan too. Two guys have the honors of enjoying her theme park of a body. Sativa opens up all her holes for play and the guys DP her and she is in Heaven.

Luscious Lopez exudes a quiet intensity behind her eyes that gets turned on when she's confronted with dick. Something happens and her asshole gapes open; ready and willing to take a deep ass drilling. This tall thin babe is one hundred percent sex. Luscious' asshole is severely pumped until the leggy beauty almost passes out in pleasure.

Havana Ginger has some remarkable boobs. Her giant flapjack nipples look so suckable and lickable. Arching her back while she's riding cowgirl gives the camera a long lingering eyeful of her gorgeous nipples. Havanna has that "innocent in public, whore in private" vibe all over her. The big titted Latina has a sexy voice that keeps squealing and groaning until her ear shattering orgasm.

Alyssa Knight has her pussy munched and eaten by Cherokee in a fucking incredible lezzie scene. The two smoking hot cunts get entangled in a sloppy 69. To be there holding the camera must have been painful, as the duo lick and lap pussy as if liquid candy is flowing from within. Six beautiful Latin girls in five boner draining scenes. How can you go fucking wrong?

Bridgette knows what guys want and provides it in spades all over the feature.

—Fred Jones

## MEATHOLES 12

**STARRING:** RACHEL LUV, MYA MASON, RAMONA LUV, BRODI

**DIRECTED BY:** KHAN TUSION

**AVAILABLE FROM:** JM PRODUCTIONS

**RUNNING TIME:** 120 MINUTES

This is hardcore at it's finest. Khan Tusion peels back the veneer of respectability that flimsily surrounds these professionals and shows them off for what they are: girls who will fuck an guy as long as they are getting paid. A lot of people have a problem with this series. To them, we say get over it; this is the sex industry. It's dirty and sometimes ugly but what other porn series gives more back to the true fans of porn than *Meatholes*?

In the past, the meatholes girls included the likes of Nautica Thorn, Gia Paloma and Kelly Wells. The girls this time aren't as well known as previous titles, but that doesn't make the action any less hot.

Rachel Luv has that spacey look that is so hot on true cum junkies. Deep throating a fat cock is not her best talent but she keeps at it like a real trooper. Three guys work her over and she tries to keep up with limited success. Rachel is splattered with cum and sweat by the end of the ride.

Mya Mason can make you cum just by looking at you the right way. To see her get the meathole treatment was perversely exciting. Love this girl's pussy and so do the two dudes who get to plow away at the lovely slit. Mya is turned upside down and flipped around like a rag doll as she keeps at least one dick in one of her orifices the entire time. A decent face drenching spirals the scene to a great finish.

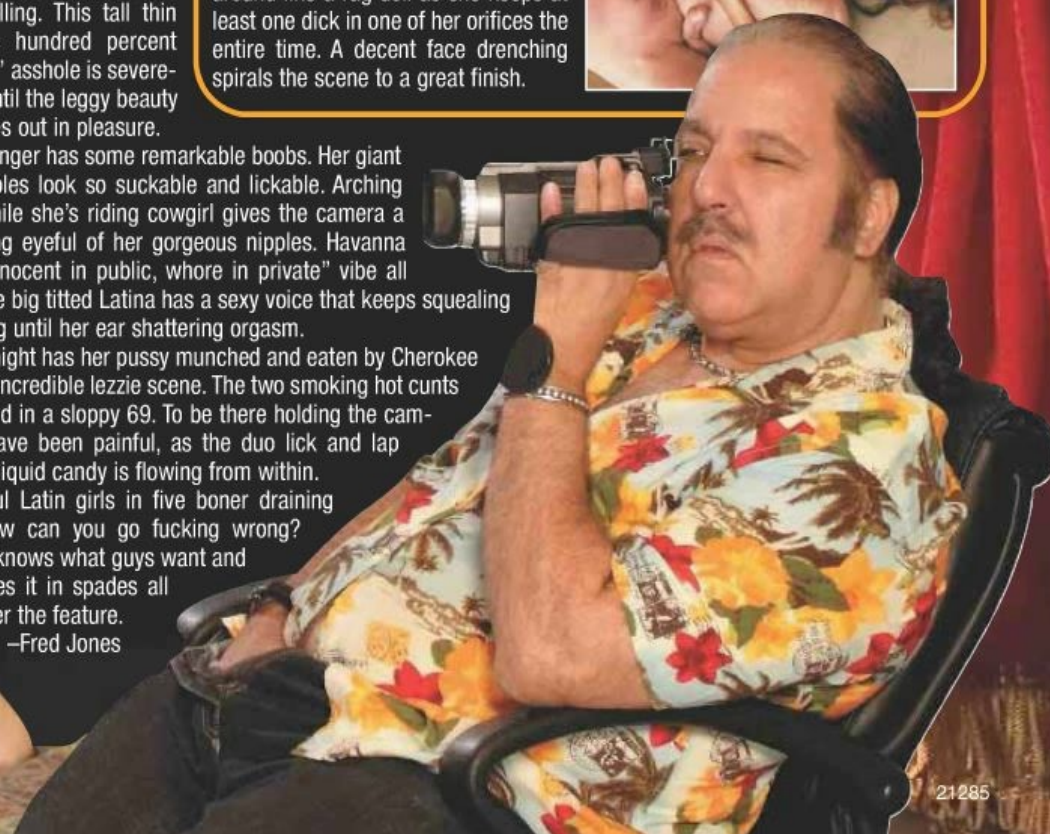


23393

Brunette Brodi flaunts her tight little body in a skimpy skirt and impossibly tall heels. Her grab-able ass gets a lot of attention as her guy truly appreciates her rump. Brodi is really skinny and bends herself into a few good positions before getting ready for a cum shot. A powerful stream of cum shoots her in the mouth with monster truck force.

Ramona Luv has a great fucking body and a real cute face. After showing off her tight young body and her incredibly pink pussy, Ramona is ready to be put through the grinder. Ramona leaves the scene with brand new bright white streaks in her hair.

Fans of the series will enjoy this latest romp into the seedy underbelly of the porn world. Newbies will just be shocked. —Zeke Yates





## ALL INTERNAL 5

**STARRING:** ANGELINA CROW, REGINA MOON, SABRINA SWEET, SELENA, LILI CROSS, ELEANOR, JESSICA MOORE  
**DIRECTED BY:** CHRIS ROLIE  
**AVAILABLE FROM:** CRUEL MEDIA  
**RUNNING TIME:** 192 MINUTES

Over three full hours of fucking! That's a real bang for your buck! From the all internal.com website come all brand new scenes of balls out depravity.

A hard anal scene opens the action with Sabrina Sweet and three guys. Sporting a small nose piercing the very cute Sabrina sticks a finger up her ass to get the ball rolling. The guys start to trickle in and give her curvy butt eh attention it craves. Alternating between two cocks in her mouth Sabrina gets one of the guys to fill her up from behind. Sabrina tells the guys to give it to her hard and she smiles the entire time. All three fuck her tight booty and even dump a load in her sphincter. With three loads up her a-hole, Sabrina squeezes their cum out her asshole with a few hard grunts and pushes. Hot opening scene!

Selena is walking down the street when the camera crew approaches her. Getting naked and having some fun in their van is right up her alley and the guy's take her to another location. Things get kinky quickly with some anally delivered milk and Selena moaning and loving it all. Sucking the hard cock in front her all the way only leads to some spirited fucking where she is bent into a hundred different positions. The guy cums in her pussy and she attempts to let his cum push out with varying success.

Each scene is stroke worthy so don't skip a single one. *All Internal 5*, own it! —Oliver Thurman

## EDEN

**STARRING:** COURTNEY CUMMZ, BREE OLSON, CARMEN LUVANA, AVA ROSE, EVAN VALENTINE, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, JERRY, JEAN VAL JEAN, XAVIER TOWERS  
**DIRECTED BY:** DANIEL DAKOTA  
**AVAILABLE FROM:** ADAM AND EVE  
**RUNNING TIME:** 215 MINUTES

*Eden* may be the death of me. I have lost so many fluids to this flick that I am writing this with an IV in my arm and a smile plastered across my grill. These ten stroke-worthy fuck scenes are almost too much and may cause sensory overload. Count them off: Carmen Luvana, Bree Olson, Ava Rose, and Courtney Cummmz.

All four are superstars in the porn world and daily stars in my day-dream fantasies.

*Eden* is kind of a "Fantasy Island" meets "Lost" (with sexy results) with lots and lots of cum dumping and anal reaming in the gorgeous locale of Hawaii to round out the fun.

Xavier Towers is the Mr. Roark here and he has Evan Valentine and Evan Stone assisting him in realizing the guest's fantasies.

Carmen is first up as Jean Val Jean pounds her underneath a tree after some beautifully shot horse-back riding. Just when things get hot, in walks Courtney Cummmz to make this scene into a volcanic threesome. Carmen's perfect ass gets a cumshot and Courtney licks it off. Wow.

*Eden* keeps up the heat with some great one-on-one screwing. Evan Valentine spreads for

Tommy Gunn in a sandy situation. Bree and Ava rub each other's pussies raw on the edge of a crystal clear pool. Out on the open water, Carmen and Jerry fuck each other stupid on the deck of a boat under the bright sunshine. Bree finds herself on the receiving end of Evan Stone's dick when the action returns to the mainland.

Evan Stone takes Ava diving with a surprisingly good CGI shark almost attacking them. Evan Valentine is so turned on by the shark story she fucks Evan Stone on the beach. Carmen and Courtney meet up for a tasty girl/girl scene. If this scene lasted any longer my cock would have broken off in my hand.

Evan Stone almost fucks Ava in half in the next scene. Bree Olson gets double dicked by Tommy and Jean in the second to last scene. Bree gets fucked in the ass, but never gets fully double penetrated. A decent double cumshot splashes into the blonde's mug to cap the action.

*Eden* is a solid movie from front to back, with some story elements that don't always work, but the scenery: from the mountains, the ocean, the beaches, the water to the stunning cast, is top fucking notch. Watch for this one come award season.

—Kevin Wilshire





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## RIGHTEOUS (continued from page 29)

He slid round two in front of me.

"Howabout you, chum?" he asked the guy wearing pajamas next to me. "The first one was on the house. You want another?"

"I ain't got any money," he said almost choking on the words.

I was beginning to feel a little better but the preacher's words were still dancing in my head.

...And Jesus said: I desire mercy, not sacrifice. For I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners...

"What the hell," I said. "This one's on me, pal. I've had a rough night, too."

He grabbed the dirty mug and began lapping at it before it barely had a chance to leave the bartender's hand. He clutched it close like a dog with a bone. He was shaking and sweating profusely.

"What's your story, pal?" I asked. "Why the evening wear?"

He didn't answer.

The hag to my left spoke up.

"The Emanon's customer appreciation policy," she said through teeth that looked like a skyline.

"I don't follow..."

She cackled.

"He just come from St. Vincent's," she said. "The Franciscan Fathers run St. Vincent's hospital downtown. Drunks get sent there as a last ditch effort to sober up. If not, their next stop is the morgue."

She cackled some more as she pulled money out of a wallet and stuffed it in her blouse. She gave the pictures inside a quick once-over before tossing it on the floor. I instinctively felt for my billfold.

"What's with this customer appreciation policy?" I asked.

"You come to the Emanon with your release papers or show up in St. Vincent pajamas and your first drink is on the house."

I looked back over at ol' PJs. His glass was empty and he was sobbing. I looked back to the hag but she was gone. So was the change I had left on the bar.

Two drunks behind me were singing loudly, the degenerate meeting in the booth had degenerated into a fistfight, the he/she was making out with a clueless collegiate as his buddies looked on in hysterics, and everything — the smell, the noise, the desperation — seemed to be turned all the way up.

This whole scene was righteously low down.

I ordered another drink.

Righteous.

I got to thinking.

Righteous.

I ordered another drink

I got mad. Righteously mad.

30 years of petty crimin,' two-timin,' moochin,' smoochin,' usin,' abusin,' scammin,' shammin,' with a general lack of responsibility or concern for anyone, I was anything but righteous myself.

I got up a little unsteady from the booze and my dead-end epiphany. Righteous.

The jukebox honked more honky tonk.

I made it down the narrow hall past the couple doing their vertical interpretation of the horizontal mambo to the men's room. The jailbait who gave me the come-on was out on the floor next to the urinal. Knocked out? Passed out? Who knows? Just out.

I turned on the sink and puked in it. I immediately felt better. I splashed rusty water on my face. I lit a cigarette and looked in the mirror, searching for a righteous man.

I lit another cigarette and threw them both in the garbage along with a big handful of paper towels. I leaned it against the stall where the chipped paint immediately lit up. I straightened my tie and headed back to the bar.

"C'mon," I said to PJs. "We're getting outta here."

I took him by the arm and we both stumbled out.

PJs helped me drag the heavy steel newspaper rack towards the Emanon. We jammed it up against the door where it wedged under the door-knob.

I could still hear the preacher in full orchestration. We followed the sound of his voice.

...The name of the lord is a strong tower; the righteous run to it and are safe...

He recognized me as I pulled out my horn. PJs leaned against the wall and slowly began to slide to the ground as if he were melting. I could smell smoke.

...For Christ died for our sins once for all the righteous, for the unrighteous, to bring you to God...

"I dig you, preacher," I said. "You're a righteous cat."

The preacher's fingers stopped snapping and he pointed directly at me.

"Have you ever done one righteous deed?"

I looked at him and smiled.

"Just dig this," I said, And I began to play.

Flames began licking out of the Emanon's barred windows. The faint sound of screaming inside was drowned out by a beautiful symphony of the preacher, PJs' uncontrollable laughter, the passing train, the approaching sirens, and my horn.

"Have you ever done one righteous deed?" he repeated.

"I just did, preacher," I said. "I just did." □

## THOSE WERE THE LAYS

(continued from page 42)

and elsewhere. Of course, no one was allowed to have sex with the same person more than once, so partners were swapped, and re-swapped, and then re-swapped, again. Turk took on Candy Kaneko in the swing made up of chains. Mr. Grace serviced Hope Rising on a bed of discarded towels. Dallas did Penelope and Julie Jones on a creaky wooden stairway. Elizabeth Robinette and Captain Wayne wound up in the metal thing with water spraying down on them, just like I had envisioned it. And I saved stewardesses Jacqueline and Cindy, and one of the toilet stalls, for me.

However by that time (we were well into a very dank and drizzling Saturday afternoon), exhaustion and the elements had caught up with my desire, and despite the attentiveness of the ladies, who took turns orally administering to my need, while in turn they worked on each other to provide me with some added visual stimulation, the best that I could finally muster up was a rather small amount of appreciation



all over my leather case. Thankfully though, before exhaustion and the elements took their toll on my mind (and elsewhere), I had fortunately seen to it that the beginning and the end of the film were already shot before the rains came and the generator left us in a lurch, and that the material that Titus captured in the plane, and then in the hangar, eventually could, and would, be edited together sufficiently enough to make climbing aboard

"Lust Flight 2000"—an adult entertainment viewing adventure that was at least somewhat worth experiencing.

And some days, "Those Were The" best things we could ask from our "Lays." □

William Margold's actions and activities have spanned the entire timeline of the modern adult hardcore entertainment industry (1972-present), and along the way, he has founded a number of organizations including The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment ([www.foxer.com](http://www.foxer.com)) and Protecting Adult Welfare ([www.pawfoundation.org](http://www.pawfoundation.org)). For his latest insights about XXX, and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit [www.billmargold.com](http://www.billmargold.com).



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